

# The Circular.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY THE ONEIDA AND WALLINGFORD COMMUNITIES.

VOL. V.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, MAY 11, 1868.

NO. 8.

## POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

THE CIRCULAR, ONEIDA, NEW YORK.

## TERMS:

Free to all. Those who choose to pay may send one dollar a year.

## SLEEP.

Home-Talk by J. H. Noyes, W. C., April 16, 1868.

ALL our natural wants create corresponding institutions. For instance, we have the natural want to eat and drink, which creates the institution of regular meals three times a day. The want to eat and drink is one thing, and the institution by which that want is supplied is another thing. A man's desire to eat and drink might not take a periodical form; he might want to eat at irregular times if his appetite only were concerned. But the whole business of eating and drinking has become an institution of three meals a day, and men go to their meals whether they are hungry or not, and thus get in bondage to habit.

In this way our institutions generate our vices. The habitual form tempts to excess oftener than the normal want. The sexual vices of the world probably come as much from the institutions which are created to supply the demand of amateness, as from the passion itself. And so of all the other passions. The operation may be seen in the case of a store. The demand of a neighborhood for goods is a natural want. But that want creates a store, and the merchant (going to work for his own interest) practices upon the passions of the people around him, and often makes them buy more things than they want. The institution reacts and increases the demand and inflames the desire.

I am disposed to apply this philosophy to sleep. We have a natural demand for sleep which has created an institution of going to bed at a certain time and giving oneself up to dreams for six or eight hours. I cannot but judge from my own experience, and from what I see and hear of the experience of others, that the evil powers take advantage of this institution to oppress us. People often sleep when they do not want sleep, in consequence of being in bondage to the institution. They sleep many times under a bad influence, so that their sleep is worse than nothing. They sleep in a kind of lethargy, and have bad dreams, nightmare and semi-paralysis, so that they arise in the morning more tired than when they went to bed. I very much doubt whether it is absolutely necessary that we undergo all that; there must be a release from the institution.

My faith is that Jesus Christ can help me, on the one hand, to sleep when I want to and get refreshment; and on the other hand, not to sleep when I have no appetite for it, or when sleep is a lethargy from which I awake feeling as though I had been hard at work. I believe that Christ can help me to escape from the devil's sleep, and to have sleep only as God gives it to me.

People think that insanity comes from loss of sleep. Doubtless loss of sleep precedes insanity; but I am by no means certain that insanity may not be caused by a wrong kind of sleep, as well as by the loss of it.

I think we ought to get power over sleep, both positively and negatively; power to sleep when we want to, and power to refrain from sleeping when we have no need. We ought to have the power to sleep *on purpose*, with a view to recuperation, and not with a view merely to pleasure. We ought to have power to use sleep as a means of the highest efficiency in our business—that of seeking the kingdom of God and its righteousness.

There is no rule to be made about it, and there is no use in putting oneself under law about it; but I think this is a matter which will call for a great deal of reflection, and we shall find a great chance for improvement in our control of the matter of sleep.

I have an idea that if we could get the right kind of sleep when we do sleep, we should need but little of it. I am satisfied that a very short time of real good sleep does me more good than a whole night of this narcotic sleep. I frequently just touch the edge of sleep, hardly lose consciousness for a second, and wake up as refreshed and bright as though I had slept all night. On the other hand I sometimes go to bed and sleep all night, and then awake more tired than when I went to bed, and feeling as though I had been at work all night in the devil's tread-mill.

We hear a great deal of exhortation to people to be regular in their habits about sleeping—to sleep enough, and all that; but I never hear any exhortations to people to avoid bad sleep. I believe there is as much distinction between good sleep and bad sleep as there is between good sleep and being drunk. People sometimes awake refreshed, and then are tempted to sleep longer, and wake up the second time feeling bad. When that is the case they have certainly slept too much. We must study this subject and see if there is not such a thing as sleeping too much as well as too little.

I should say that the working of a healthy

mind is an alternation between healthy sleep on the one hand, and healthy thought on the other. A man to be really healthy must have freedom in both directions. There must not be any compulsory sleep, and there must not be any compulsory thought. You must have liberty to think or refrain from thinking, and to sleep or refrain from sleeping, as it is good for you. Any other state than that must be partial insanity. If your mind is subject to compulsory thinking, on the one hand, or compulsory sleeping on the other, it must be more or less diseased. It is a sound mind that can vibrate with perfect liberty between sleep and thought.

## THE WISDOM OF THE CROSS.

Home-Talk by J. H. Noyes, W. C., April 7, 1868.

THE way of the flesh—i. e., of us all in our childish state before we have learned wisdom—is to think a great deal about present pleasure and pain, and very little about future good and evil. Good and evil which are afar off seem unreal to the flesh and the childish state, while good and evil immediately present seem great and wonderful. But as we grow wise, and, drawing near to God, take in his Spirit and comprehend the whole truth and reality of things, our notion of the present and future becomes exactly inverted. We come into a state where present pleasure and pain seem of small account, while far distant good and evil become the great realities about which we are most anxious. The balance of things is thus shifted as we grow wise. Events afar off become important; the good and evil near at hand become comparatively unimportant; so that we calmly accept a great amount of present evil for the sake of future good, and have no comfort or satisfaction in any present good, unless we are sure it is working profit and benefit afar off.

All men make some progression of this kind. It is the natural transition from childishness to wisdom. But to attain the state of Christ and Paul in reference to present and future good and evil, we shall find to be a vastly greater transition. Christ and Paul shrank not from enduring any crucifixion or even hell itself for the present, if they could see the promise of a great reward in the future. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory"—so says Paul of all the afflictions he went through; and we can hardly conceive of all he had to endure. He had struck the balance so clearly between present evil and future good, that there was no doubt in his heart as to which he would accept. And Christ,

for the sake of the joy that was set before him, "endured the cross, despising the shame." He understood the bargain exactly, and saw that he was making an enormous profit—a vast speculation—in accepting crucifixion in view of the good which was to come. We are making the transition from foolishness to that same wisdom of the cross, in which present good and evil are as nothing in comparison with good and evil which are future and eternal.

My purpose and dearest ambition is, now and forever to act in the present in a manner which will produce the greatest amount of good in the far-off future, let it cost me what it will in present suffering. I want to ask myself every moment of my life, "What thing can I do now which, fifty years hence, I shall be glad that I did? How can I sow a seed now which will bear me fruit when I am a thousand years older? Let me be sowing the seed which will bear fruit then; let me accept any cost and bear any suffering which will yield me that future profit." This is the speculation which my heart and mind are busy with, and which I want to be more and more intent upon; for I know that here lies the path to the true life of pleasure. By following this course you will become a real Jew of the Christ stamp; a man who is bound to have the greatest possible profit out of his existence, and who calculates bargains on Christ's principle—"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The true Jew is a man who studies the science of profit and loss until he gets to the very bottom of it, and knows how to make a speculation for endless ages.

Some farmers would lose all their enthusiasm at the idea of not getting a crop the first year they planted. In comparison with the Indians these persons may have considerable forecast; but in comparison with the scientific horticulturist, they are very short-sighted. Thus one man may have wisdom which is relatively greater than that of another, and yet be very foolish. The only wisdom which is complete and exhaustive is that of Christ and Paul.

We may not be able to work out the details of this kind of forecast in present theory; but the practical way to secure seed-sowing for eternity, is to thoroughly commit our ways unto the Lord, and to come into such close communication with him that we shall act with his wisdom. Then whether we can see the immediate results or not, we shall find that what we sow will come up year after year in profit to us. "He that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." If we commit our ways to God, he will see that our doings are profitable, and such as we shall be pleased with year after year and age after age. In order to come into this fellowship with God and this relation to his wisdom, it is absolutely essential that we should get rid of the tendency to overestimate present pain and pleasure.

There is a settlement of anti-polygamy Mormons at Ottertail Lake, Minnesota.

#### BROCKMER'S STORY OF SWEDENBORG.

WHILE he was writing his Diary of dreams, it is hardly to be supposed that Swedenborg's conduct betrayed no excitement. We are not wanting testimony on this point. He resided at the time with one Brockmer, in Fetter Lane, London. Twenty-four years afterward, Brockmer gave an account of Swedenborg's behavior. Mr. White says:

Our story is derived from the Rev. Aron Mathesius, who in 1776, four-and-twenty years after our present date, came from Sweden to London to officiate in the Swedish Chapel. Hearing much of Swedenborg's Spiritualism, which he is said to have held in high contempt, through accident or search he came across Brockmer, who was still living in Fetter Lane, and led him off to the house of Mr. Burgman, the Minister of the German Church in the Savoy, and in Burgman's presence drew from Brockmer's lips the statement we subjoin.

Mathesius some years afterward gave the Rev. John Wesley a copy of Brockmer's narration, which Wesley printed in his *Arminian Magazine* for January, 1781. We have also in manuscript, in Swedish, the story directly from Mathesius's own hand. This I have had translated, and from it print. With the exception of two or three extra details it is precisely the same as that given in the *Arminian Magazine*. Wesley introduces it to his readers with this preface—

"*Arminian Magazine,*  
"January, 1781.

"*An Account of Baron Swedenborg.*

"The following account of a very great man, was given me by one of his own countrymen. He is now in London, as is Mr. Brockmer also, and ready to attest every part of it. In the Baron's writings there are many excellent things: but there are many likewise which are whimsical to the last degree. And some of these may do hurt even to serious persons, whose imaginations are stronger than their judgments."

*Brockmer's Narrative.*

"In the year 1744 one of the Moravian Brethren, named Seniff, made acquaintance with Mr. Emanuel Swedenborg while they were passengers in a post-yatch from Holland to England. Mr. Swedenborg, who was a God-fearing man, wished to be directed to some house in London, where he might live quietly and economically. Mr. Seniff brought him to me, and I cheerfully took him in.

"Mr Swedenborg behaved very properly in my house. Every Sunday he went to the church of the Moravian Brothers in Fetter Lane. He kept solitary, yet came often to me, and in talking, expressed much pleasure in hearing the gospel in London. So he continued for several months approving of what he heard at the chapel.

"One day he said to me, he was glad the Gospel was preached to the poor, but complained of the learned and rich, who, he thought, must go to hell. Under this idea he continued several months. He told me he was writing a small Latin book, which would be gratuitously distributed among the learned men in the Universities of England.

"After this he did not open the door of his chamber for two days, nor allow the maid-servant to make the bed and dust as usual.

"One evening when I was in a coffee-house, the maid ran in to call me home, saying that something strange must have happened to Mr. Swedenborg. She had several times knocked at his door without his answering, or opening it.

"Upon this I went home, and knocked at his door, and called him by name. He then jumped out of bed, and I asked him if he would not allow the servant to enter and make his bed? He answered, 'No,' and desired to be left alone, for he had a great work on hand.

"This was about nine in the evening. Leav-

ing his door and going up stairs, he rushed up after me, making a fearful appearance. His hair stood upright, and he foamed round the mouth. He tried to speak, but could not utter his thoughts, stammering long before he could get out a word.

"At last he said, that he had something to confide to me privately, namely, that he was Messiah, that he was come to be crucified for the Jews, and that I (since he spoke with difficulty) should be his spokesman, and go with him to-morrow to the Synagogue, there to preach his words.

"He continued, 'I know you are an honest man, for I am sure you love the Lord, but I fear you believe me not.'

"I now began to be afraid, and considered a long time ere I replied. At last, I said,

"You are Mr. Swedenborg, a somewhat aged man, and as you tell me, have never taken medicine; wherefore I think some of a right sort would do you good. Dr. Smith is near, he is your friend and mine, let us go to him, and he will give you something fitted for your state. Yet I shall make this bargain with you, if the Angel appears to me and delivers the message you mention, I shall obey the same. If not, you shall go with me to Dr. Smith in the morning.'

"He told me several times the Angel would appear to me, whereupon we took leave of each other and went to bed.

"In expectation of the Angel I could not sleep, but lay awake the whole night. My wife and children were at the same time very ill, which increased my anxiety. I rose about 5 o'clock in the morning.

"As soon as Mr. Swedenborg heard me move over-head he jumped out of bed, threw on a gown and ran in the greatest haste up to me, with his night-cap half on his head, to receive the news about my call.

"I tried by several remarks to prepare his excited mind for my answer. He foamed and cried again and again, 'But how—how—how?' Then I reminded him of our agreement to go to Dr. Smith. At this he asked me straight down, 'Came not the vision?' I answered, 'No; and now I suppose you will go with me to Dr. Smith.' He replied, 'I will not go to any Doctor.'

"He then spoke a long while to himself. At last he said, 'I am now associating with two Spirits, one on the right hand and the other on the left. One asks me to follow you, for you are a good fellow; the other says I ought to have nothing to do with you because you are good for nothing.'

"I answered, 'Believe neither of them, but let us thank God, who has given us power to believe in His Word.'

"He then went down stairs to his room, but returned immediately, and spoke, but so confusedly that he could not be understood. I began to be frightened, suspecting that he might have a penknife or other instrument to hurt me. In my fear I addressed him seriously, requesting him to walk down stairs, as he had no business in my room.

"Then Mr. Swedenborg sat down in a chair and wept like a child, and said, 'Do you believe, that I will do you any harm?' I also began to weep. It commenced to rain very hard.

"After this, I dressed. When I came down I found Mr. Swedenborg also dressed, sitting in an arm-chair with a great stick in his hand and the door open. He called, 'Come in, come in,' and waved the stick. I wanted to get a coach, but Mr. Swedenborg would not accompany me.

"I then went to Dr. Smith, Mr. Swedenborg's intimate friend, and told him what had happened; and asked also that he would receive Mr. Swedenborg into his house. He had however no room for him, but engaged apartments for him with Mr. Michael Caer, wig-maker, in Warner Street, Cold Bath Fields, three or four houses from his own.

"Whilst I was with Dr. Smith, Mr. Swedenborg went to the Swedish Envoy, but was not

admitted, it being post-day. Departing thence he pulled off his clothes and rolled himself in very deep mud in a gutter. Then he distributed money from his pockets among the crowd which had gathered.

"In this state some of the foot-men of the Swedish Envoy chanced to see him and brought him to me very foul with dirt. I told him that a good quarter had been taken for him near Dr. Smith, and asked him if he was willing to live there. He answered, 'Yes.'

"I sent for a coach, but Mr. Swedenborg would walk, and with the help of two men he reached his new lodging.

"Arrived there, he asked for a tub of water and six towels, and entering one of the inner rooms, locked the door, and spite of all entreaties would not open it. In fear lest he should hurt himself the door was forced, when he was discovered washing his feet, and the towels all wet. He asked for six more.

"I then went home, and left six men as guards over him. Dr. Smith visited him, and administered some medicine, which did him much good.

"I went to the Swedish Envoy, told him what had happened, and required that Mr. Swedenborg's rooms in my house might be sealed. The Envoy was infinitely pleased with my kindness to Mr. Swedenborg, thanked me very much for all my trouble; and assured me that the sealing of Mr. Swedenborg's chambers was unnecessary, as he had heard well of me, and had in me perfect confidence.

"After this I continued to visit Mr. Swedenborg, who at last had only one keeper. He many times avowed his gratitude for the trouble I had with him. He would never leave the tenet, however, that he was Messiah.

"One day when Dr. Smith had given him a laxative, he went out into the fields and ran about so fast that his keeper could not follow him. Mr. Swedenborg sat down on a stile and laughed. When his man came near him, he rose and ran to another stile, and so on.

"When the dog-days began, he became worse and worse. Afterwards I associated very little with him. Now and then we met in the streets, and I always found he retained his former opinion."

Mathesius adjoints to his copy this testimony—

"The above account was word by word delivered to me by Mr. Brockmer, an honest and trustworthy man, in the house and presence of Mr. Burgman, Minister of the German Church, the Savoy, London, while Swedenborg lived.

'Aron Mathesius.

"Stora Hallfara, 27th August, 1796.

"Plainly a straightforward and well authenticated story, possibly somewhat colored by the influence of Mathesius, and by the inevitable treachery of a twenty-four years' memory; but fitting into the incoherences of the Diary with singular credibility, and full of touches characteristic of a timid, prudent and credulous London lodging-house keeper. Thanks are due to Mathesius for his careful preservation of a testimony, which else had died with Brockmer."

Various attempts have been made to throw discredit on Brockmer's narrative. Robert Hindmarsh, a zealous Swedenborgian and founder of the New Jerusalem Church, paid a visit to Brockmer and averred that he modified his statements; but Mr. White thinks Hindmarsh was too much biased by his own wishes to be entitled to consideration, and the modifications he claims, do not, after all, seriously alter Brockmer's account, although as Mr. White remarks, the account of the interview "is a stock quotation of Swedenborgian apologists."

Endeavors have been made to prove that Mathesius was himself insane; also that Swedenborg's vagaries were manifested during the delirium of a fever, but on such slender foundations

that the straightforward account of Brockmer is, according to Mr. White (and we agree with him) rendered by contrast more clearly veracious.

#### OUR NEW YORK AGENCY.

THE Community has closed its Office in New York City. Of the members stationed there, a part have returned to Oneida, and a part have gone to Wallingford: the same is true of its business. The sale of silk, traps, and preserved fruits, is transferred to Oneida, while H. G. Allen and others, making their home at Wallingford (which is about three hours' distant by rail, and five hours by rail and boat), will visit the city weekly to do business for both Communes. A room in 335 Broadway is retained, with desk and bed, for the use of our agents when in the city.

The New York Office was started in 1864, a short time after the new series of the CIRCULAR began at Wallingford, so that there seems to be something rhythmical in the vibrations of the two movements.

A year or more ago, as the writer was about taking the cars in a neighboring city, he was accosted by an outside friend; a veteran of mammon, who had grown gray in its service. After the usual salutations, he asked, "How do you get on with your New York Office? Does it pay?" The answer given has been mostly forgotten, but not so the question and the train of thought which it suggested. We remember distinctly that the interrogatory, "Does it pay?" seemed a very serious one. No doubt this same query about the New York movement, arises in the minds of many who are watching the course of the Community. An answer which would be satisfactory to my worldly friend, might not be so to the Lord. Whether we had made money or not, His first question would be, "Have you saved your souls? Have you lost or gained in your highest interests? 'For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'" We think we can honestly say, that we have saved our souls. We sought to please God in our going out, and in our coming in. We have not made a great deal of money directly by our New York Office, but it has been a great help to our various businesses, and we shall reap advantages from it hereafter.

The words spoken in our hearts four years ago, were *de-localization* and *expansion*. A horror of becoming a narrow-minded, sectarian body seized upon us. We felt called to recognize our unity with humanity, and we saw that if God was bringing truth to birth in us, it was not for us alone, but for the benefit of the world. Worldly wisdom said, "You will make more money by staying at home and rolling on in the same old rut;" but we felt in our souls that if we curled up into a selfish, social cocoon, the Lord would forsake us.

These ideas were not all clear to us then, but we can now see that these were the instincts at work in our hearts, and so we moved the paper out from the whirl of Oneida business, started an Office in New York City where some of our young men could get a commercial education, and bought a house in New Haven, that we might send others to school at Yale. Since that time, two young men have graduated from the Yale Medical School; one from the Law School

of Columbia College; a class of young men and women have taken lessons in music and elocution, and we have developed and matured our business principles, which we return to Oneida to put in practice.

Neither the enchantments of pleasure-seeking and amusements, nor the skepticism of literature and science, have turned our young people away from the deep principles of "Bible Communism." They return home established, and with a rugged purpose to devote themselves to the setting up of God's kingdom in this world, and to carry forward the work begun by their fathers and mothers. Surely the result of this four years' campaign, is calculated to encourage those whose hearts are opened to understand God's programme.

E. H. H.

#### ABOUT DOGS.

I DON'T believe in dogs. Possibly there may have been a time when, as Cuvier asserts, "the dog was perhaps necessary for the establishment of human society;" but it must have been a very long time ago. To the half-civilized and barbarous nations, dogs are doubtless valuable; and it may be that "these nations owe much of their elevation above the brute to the possession of the dog;" but in the highest civilization "dogs and sorcerers" are without. My own personal experience has not been conducive to any particular friendship for the canines and may have been the foundation of the mutual antipathy. My first adventure with them was on this wise:

I was a small boy, ten years old or thereabouts, with physical courage in an undeveloped state. One warm day in mid-summer I went, barefooted and with my jacket off, over to the village post-office. On my return, as I passed by a house in the outskirts of the village, carelessly whistling, a small dog rushed out of the yard, and barking violently, made a dive at my unprotected pedals. It is just possible that if I had had my boots on I should have faced the enemy; but as it was, I ran for dear life, hotly pursued by the cur. The chase was short. I had gone scarcely ten yards, screaming, "Get out! get out!" at the top of my voice, when the beast sprang upon me, and buried his fangs in my leg.

"Come here, Gypo," screamed a woman's voice from the house. The puppy drew his teeth out of my leg and trotted back, leaving me with a sensation as though I had been snatched from the jaws of a lion, and so thoroughly frightened that I did not materially slacken my pace till I reached home, a quarter of a mile away.

From that time forth my dread and hatred of dogs took definite form. In my subsequent encounters with them the policy I have usually adopted has been that of the retrograde movement. Of this, the following is a specimen:

When fourteen years old, I helped one of our young men peddle vegetables about the adjacent villages. A few trips were sufficient for me to find out the size and disposition of every dog on the route, and to select my houses accordingly. In one of these dwellings which set back a frightful distance (three or four rods) from the street, I had caught occasional glimpses of an elephantine dog inside the kitchen door, which was only restrained from offering me battle by the word of his gentle mistress. One eventful morning, when I called there, nobody answered my knock at the front door. I crept cautiously round to the rear, keeping eyes and ears wide open. Suddenly that awful dog sprang forth from some cover, and flew at me. True to my customary generalship I took to my heels at a break-neck pace and made for the street. Just as I reached the gate I heard a snap and a jerk behind me accompanied by a half-throttled howl. I glanced round. The foe had been "brought up" at the lither end of fifty feet of clothes-line, and stood looking at me as wistfully as a wolf at a sheep.

"Let's go on," said I to my companion. "I guess the folks ain't at home here!" We moved on.

So much for my childhood experience. May be I was a greater coward than most children, but according to the newspapers it is a very common affair now-a-days for a child to be "severely bitten" or "badly mangled" by some ferocious dog. The terrible hydrophobia hangs over men and women as well as children, and dogs have of late years got into the habit of running mad at all seasons of the year.

Another serious objection to dogs is their passion for sheep-killing. It is stated on good authority that they annually destroy several million dollars worth of sheep. Farmers, in the splendid grazing country of Missouri, are unable to raise sheep to any great extent, solely on this account.

It costs the country annually \$10,000,000 to keep its dogs. Three-quarters of that amount is spent on pet dogs; useless dogs, from the little poodle in the arms of a Broadway belle, to the big mastiff kept by some poor fellow to prevent folks from finding out how little he has in his house. There can be nothing ennobling or elevating in the society of dogs, at least to civilized people. If we are changed into the image of what we gaze upon, let us "beware of dogs." In some of the large cities the police have an annual war of extermination. Sooner or later I hope it will spread all over the country until we are wholly freed from this plague. K.

## THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, MAY 11, 1868.

### AN ONEIDA JOURNAL.

May 9.—There must be an ocean of icebergs where this north wind comes from. The leaves have not dared to stir yet. It has rained so much that we have luckily escaped a frost so far.

The laundry folks are much disturbed—sometimes in a very pointed manner—by pins which are carelessly left upon garments put into the wash. When pricked beyond endurance, they resort to the following remedy: All our clothes are plainly marked and when a pin is found, the owner of the garment is identified and his or her names recorded. A list is made out at the end of the week and the names of the offenders with the number of pins for which they are responsible, are read in the public meeting. This method was tried last week and with good results.

One of our members was away at a neighboring city the other day, and while riding in the cars, saw an incident illustrative of tobacco civilization. Two nicely dressed ladies entered the car in quest of a seat. The first they approached, was wet by the rain which had beat in at the window. They passed on to another; but to their disgust, the floor was covered with tobacco juice. They sought another; but it was in a similar condition. They could endure no more. One exclaimed in an undertone, but distinctly audible, "If I were Emperor, I would have tobacco spitting abolished, or else I would make the men swallow it." Not a very delicate remark, nor indeed a very delicate subject, but nevertheless, when travelers, we have it under our eyes and noses all the time.

The wood-pile has yielded to the assault of the volunteers, and the last stick is split.

A chance occurred on Tuesday, to use the safety-bridle we illustrated last week. An old horse supposed to be tractable, though addicted occasionally to kicking, took fright between the houses, and ran furiously through one of the most frequented paths. When stopped he began a vigorous kicking. Mr. Smith with his safety-bridle, took him in hand the next morning, and all the horsemen say he is thoroughly tamed. No amount of temptation will induce him to kick.

Our Willow Place machine-shop is one of our busiest departments. Trap-shop, silk-room, preserving-room, foundry, teaming, farm and garden, are all kept in working order by the machine-shop. J. F. Sears is just finishing a newly invented machine for making "dogs" for traps. "It works to a charm," he says. A second-hand steam-engine is undergoing

repairs previous to being put to use in the fruit-preserving-room. A lot of self-oiling hangers for the silk-room, are nearly finished. The advantages of a machine-shop, around which other businesses may cluster, can hardly be estimated. Then too, it is a kind of normal school for the foremen of the different mechanical departments. Twenty times a day a trap-shop or silk-room foreman steps down into the machine-shop and does some job, that would cost any-where from twenty-five cts. to two dollars, if we should hire it done. For instance, a silk man comes in with two short new belts he wishes to stretch. The usual process is to nail the ends of a belt to a plank and then draw the belt up as much as possible and put blocks under it; a slow laborious way. So he goes to the M. S. boss. "E—, I want some easy expeditious way of stretching these belts; advise me." E— thinks a minute and then says, "We can do it on the planer." This is a heavy iron plate which moves by gearing back and forth seven or eight feet, in an iron frame, for planing iron. E— fastens one end of each belt to the iron frame with hand vices, and clamps the other ends to the movable plate, then he pulls the driving belt; the plate moves forward, carrying its two belt ends, and as the other two ends, held fast to the frame, can't follow, a severe stretching naturally results. "Regular cheese-press purchase," says the foreman.

The loss of bear-trap springs by breaking, during the process of tempering, has been as great as ten per cent. J. C. H. tempered a lot lately, and although he used uncommon caution he lost from twelve to fifteen per cent. This experience he thought rather discouraging, considering that the cost of the springs is from one to two dollars each, and it set him to praying and studying the matter. The result is that he has hit upon a method of tempering, which, though tested with unusual severity, has thus far proved successful, not a single spring having been broken.

### OUR WALLINGFORD LETTER.

Mount Tom Printing Office,  
W. C., May 1, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Dazzling sun-glory streaming down the slope of Mt. Tom into our western windows on one side, and vivid green, specked with daffodils and hyacinths lying in cool shadow on the other—this is May. Now is the youth of the year, the time of muskrats and robins, of wood-peckers, plowed ground and pansies. Boys and girls, as well as all the grass-eating tribes, rejoice in this month. The outward bloom and promise, make us inquire for the inward correspondence. What is the season in the almanac of eternity? The heart still answers, May. If a cloudy day now and then flits across the scene, seeming to put back the date, the swelling buds of the Good Time Coming still assure us of the etherial Spring.

### MILLER'S END OF THE WORLD.

Speaking of times and seasons, I see that the Adventists are still deep in calculations and anticipations of the speedy Coming of Christ. The persistence of these people in their outlook for the end of the world so many years, against repeated disappointments, is a noteworthy phenomenon. Does it not indicate the pressure of a fact or inspiration based on Truth, but wrongly interpreted and misunderstood? The Second Coming of Christ we know is long since past, so that the Adventists in their doctrine are, technically and scripturally wrong; but may not the shadows of great impending changes projected from the unseen world affect them in such a way as to make their expectations semi-prophetic, after all? Miller, for instance, predicted the general judgment in 1843. Now although there was no outbreak of literal fire, such as he and his followers expected, yet in an interior sense a good many things were set on fire at that time. The old things of the egotistical family system then began to pass away. In that year the Fourierist revival introduced by Brisbane and Greeley, was at its height; and then, too, commenced the irruption of hadean influences which has since developed in Spiritualism, and undermined marriage. In fact, dynamically considered, 1843 makes a pretty good date for the beginning of the end of

the world; and the Adventists, if they would correct the nomenclature of their vision, and put forward their clock about 1800 years, would seem to be not far out of the way. The present crisis should be called, not the Second Coming, but the judgment of the Fullness of Times. How long it will continue, is a question for study. I have seen an interesting calculation made by Lorenzo Dow more than thirty years ago, pointing to the year 1878 as completing a great cycle of prophecy. J. H. Noyes, by an independent course of computation, arrived at nearly the same result. (See the *Witness*, vol. II., p. 18, Sept. 1841.) The method in brief, is this: Daniel's great prophetic period of 2300 years, covering the time of the desolation of the Jewish nation, dates, it is supposed, from the destruction of the first temple by Nebuchadnezzar, which took place about 420 years before the Christian Era. Subtracting 420 from 2300, gives Anno Domini 1880 as the term of the full period. Whether this calculation be really significant or not, it is easy to think that the next ten or twelve years will be the most critical, revolutionary, and important of any similar period in history.

### DOMESTIC.

Our family, by additions this week from the New York household (now dissolved), is restored to about its normal size, numbering nearly forty. In the old times of printing the CIRCULAR here, two-thirds of our group were women. Under present arrangements there is about the same disproportion in favor of men. Vacation being over, our three college students have resumed their classes at New Haven. An early breakfast and late supper and convenient trains enable them to spend the day in the city while boarding at home. The ice-house, which was converted last year into a chemical laboratory and duly christened the "Barker Institute," must now be added to the list of defunct enterprises of that kind enumerated by your contributor, G. E. C., in his amusing papers on chemical experience, since it has recently been renovated and transformed into a sleeping-apartment for one of our city brothers. We received calls this week from H. W. Burnham, on his way to Boston, and E. H. Hamilton, en route for Oneida.

### THE GARDEN.

From a walk among the fruit-growers and farmers this morning I glean the following items: Strawberry setting is finished—five and a half acres—and the horse-hoe is already in motion between the rows of young plants to head off the juvenile weeds. The stand of grown plants, six and a half acres, looks well. Of raspberries, two and a quarter acres have been newly planted this spring, making over five acres in all, of this fruit. The yield last year was about a hundred bushels to the acre. Our method of cultivation is to tie up the vines at a year old, to stakes or a wire trellis. A fine plantation of the celebrated Clarke Raspberry is coming on, and a limited number of the plants will be for sale. The grape-vines are being uncovered and trellised. I found Mr. Thacker planting some choice peach-pits for the stock of a future orchard.

### HOW TO GET EARLY CUCUMBERS AND MELONS.

A very convenient method of extemporizing a hot-bed for early cucumbers, melons, &c., is in use by our gardeners, as follows: Prepare ground with well-spaded manure, and mark places for the hills six or eight feet apart. To form the hill, place a flower-pot or a tapering piece of wood six inches in height and the same in diameter on the ground, and raise a flattish mound around it, packing the dirt somewhat firmly. Withdraw the pot or wooden core, and in the bottom of the cavity thus made insert a half-dozen seeds. Now lay on the mound, so as to cover the opening of the cavity, a sheet of eight by ten glass, and your single-hill hot-bed is made. Proceed with the other hills in the same way. The glass serves as a forcer and protector of the plants from bugs during their tender age; and the pit, unlike a frame hot-bed, is self-ventilating, receiving air and moisture through its walls, without any particular care of the gardener. When the plants have grown so as to fill the cavity, the glass may be removed and dirt supplied around the plants to the level of the hill. The plants being started early and allowed to



grow without removal are finely forwarded by this method.

#### RATHER "FISHY."

SEVERAL years ago Mr. P. T. Barnum had in his Museum a speckled trout weighing four pounds, and wishing to obtain one which should weigh a half-pound more, he made an offer of \$100 to any person who would deliver the same to him in good condition within a specified time.

Whether Barnum ever received the four-and-a-half-pound trout, or had to be content with the four-pounder, I am unable to state; but it occurred to me while reading "Our Wallingford Letter" in the CIRCULAR of April 13, that probably Judge M—— had never seen Mr. Barnum's liberal offer, otherwise a small fortune might have been made by running a wagon-load of those Colorado speckled trout into New York City. Having known the Judge in my younger days, and believing him to be honest and knowing him to be fond of a joke, it occurred to me that possibly the last word in the following quotation was innocently added by the journalist. Speaking of the streams in Colorado, he is made to say: "You can go and get a wagon-load of trout any time and many of them weigh 80 or 40 pounds apiece." Strike out the word "apiece" and you evidently get nearer the truth, though I am told by one who listened to the conversation with the Judge that he said "three or four pounds"—not 80 or 40.

The addition of those unfortunate ciphers will tempt many to condemn his whole story as being *fishy*, including his account of the innumerable herd of buffaloes. But reduce the *trout* to their proper weight, and I see nothing to discredit in what follows.

G. D. A.

#### A WORD FOR THE BAROMETER.

SOME complain of this instrument as being of little or no value. Indeed, my sense of generosity has been aroused in its defense. The fact is, that the barometer doesn't pretend to tell you, my friends, what the weather is *going* to be, strictly speaking. It simply indicates how the matter *is*. Its constant talk is: "Make your own calculations." It gives you the figures, that's all. It indicates the change which is going on in the state of the atmosphere for the time being, but does not guarantee results which are beyond its reach. No wonder that some persons are completely bewildered by its movements, when you consider their misconception of the nature and function of the instrument. I have noticed its operations steadily for two years and a half (marking its variations three times a day), and have reasoned myself into a very good feeling toward it. It does all it can to help you. It tells you faithfully of the changes in the air in regard to density, and that is all it can do. If you have not observation enough, or skill enough to turn your observations to account, you have plainly yourself to blame, and not the barometer.

R. S. D.

[What are the results of your observations upon this instrument?—Eds. Cir.]

#### "JOB'S COMFORTERS."

[A contributor sends us the following humorous apology for remissness in furnishing an article we expected from his pen.]

I HAVE been reading the book of Job lately with unusual interest; and a singular coincidence is, I am now afflicted bodily like him. You need not laugh at this confession, for I don't feel a bit like laughing myself. True, I have but a single visitor from the land of Uz, but he is, most manifestly, a representative character from that distant country (wherever it is), and, judging from the way he dashes about upon the nervous avenues of my domain, he must possess consummate ability, having kept me awake for two whole nights. Now could five hundred boils do any more than that? If I had as many as Job was afflicted with, I should be excused for stripping stark naked as he did, crawling into an ash-house and giving myself up to the business of taking care of them. Indeed, I think another proof

that this scarlet oriental is of no mean birth, is shown in the sagacity with which he has pitched his tent on a net-work of nerves in close proximity to the spinal column, for the purpose, I suppose, of being near the center of communication with all parts of the territory.

But, notwithstanding this light affliction of mine, I hope no one will be deterred from reading Job; for his trials brought to view a broad, solid mind and a rich, trusting heart. True, he was a little vexed at first and rather severe upon the agencies which caused his birth; but he soon became calmer. Then he reasoned and argued his own case with astonishing ability, and at last got out of the difficulty. He had a clean record in the past and was not ashamed to defend it.

In conclusion, I will say that I hope to have a slice of Job's prosperity in the end. I don't care about asses and such things; but I should prize a word of comfort and cheer from the God whom Job served with so much integrity.

x.

#### CHEMISTRY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

VII.

LABORATORY NO. IV.

A FEW days after this interesting announcement, the carpenters were to be seen busily at work cutting through the floors and partitions, and the dumb-waiter was soon completed and in active operation. The strong draft created by the openings in the floors, brought immense quantities of tom-dust into all the upper rooms of the building, compelling me to put up a tight partition of matched boards, and to carefully caulk every crack with tow and lising. Having thus secured myself against the only thing which promised to annoy me in my new quarters, I devoted myself with renewed energy to fitting up this Laboratory with every convenience which I could invent.

In looking around for material with which to make a set of shelves, I found a quantity of lumber carefully laid away, which looked as though some one had planned and partially executed something extensive in the line of furniture. Upon inquiring, I learned that a few weeks before, my two brothers, Charles and John, had essayed to construct a bureau. John did the "jacking" and supplied the enthusiasm, while Charles did the head-work. After spending one day at the bench worrying down rough, winding bass-wood boards with a dull plane, their enthusiasm flagged, and the whole thing collapsed. The unfinished bureau was carefully stowed away in a corner, where it had remained undisturbed till I stumbled upon it. I suggested to Charles that as it was "all in the family," his bureau stuff would work up well in the Laboratory. He readily accepted my view of the case, and the bureau was rescued from oblivion.

Being in want of a small writing-table and a book-case, I obtained them by relieving one of the carpenters of his duties in milking; he spending the milking hour in working for me. Thus, in one way or another the Laboratory was furnished with all that was necessary in the line of shelves, tables, a sink, &c.

Having completed the wood-work, I planned a sheet-iron furnace for heating crucibles, retorts and a sand-bath. After waiting some time for our tinman to make one, he told me he was so busy he could not attend to my wants, but that he would give me free range of his department, and I might make one myself. As there was no prospect of getting a furnace in any other way, I went into the tin-shop and resolutely began the work. It took me some time to make the furnace and pipe. Sheet-iron I found to be unmanageable and provoking. My small stock of patience was exhausted every time I worked at it, and the temptation to bang things was often irresistible. The top, bottom, grate, and the arrangement for admitting wind from the "fan" into the furnace, had to be made of cast-iron, which involved the reconstruction of old patterns, and the making of new ones. Getting some instructions from J. L., about making patterns which would "draw," I tried my hand at pattern-making; and after failing in two or three attempts, cutting my fingers severely, and daubing every thing over with shellac varnish, I

succeeded in getting up something which answered my purpose very well. The furnace was then set up, lined with fire-clay and baked; but I soon discovered that it was about four times larger than was necessary, and so constructed as to be of little or no value. However, the experience was worth something, and it impressed upon me the importance of finding out exactly what I wanted, before executing my plans. My tendency was to execute first, and find out what I needed afterward.

J. L. W. came to me one day and asked me to make him some theater-fire. Having but a faint idea of the proper materials to be used, I mixed some chlorate of potash, white sugar, sulphur and several other ingredients, and set fire to the mass. The result was startling. The compound burst into a sheet of flame and smoke, crackling and snapping and filling the room with such quantities of sulphurous acid, that I was compelled to hastily abandon the premises, to avoid immediate suffocation.

Soon after this affair, G. W. N. brought me a small rubber balloon, and requested me to refill it with hydrogen gas. Taking it down to the Laboratory one evening, I arranged a large carboy as a gas generator, attaching the balloon by means of a glass tube. The gas was generated in great quantities, and poured out of the carboy in a stream as large as my finger; still the balloon would not fill. On making a close examination, I found that the gas leaked out around the sides of the cork. Taking a spirit-lamp and some sealing-wax I began to stop the leaks by covering the cork with melted wax. In re-adjusting the balloon, it slipped off the tube, and the flame of the spirit-lamp came in contact with the stream of gas which was rushing out of the carboy. In an instant, the gas took fire, with an explosion which shook the building to its foundation. Stunned by the explosion, enveloped in sudden and total darkness, with glass rattling and crashing on every side, I hardly knew where I was, or what had happened. I was soon brought to my senses by the shaking of the door and the voice of the night watchman, who demanded the cause of the disturbance. I answered that things were "all right," and he went away satisfied. My brother Charles who was in the forge-shop, hearing the noise, and suspecting the cause, came up stairs and we struck a light to take a survey of the room. My heart sank as the extent of the disaster was revealed. Two large carboys standing together on the floor had been reduced to atoms, which flew in every direction, smashing bottles, windows and pictures, and making a general wreck. The only direction in which the glass had not been thrown, was directly upwards toward my head which was bent over the carboy. A thick, heavy apron protected my legs and body, and the extent of my injuries were a slight cut on one hand, and a severe bruise on one of my legs. It seemed almost miraculous that I had escaped severe, if not fatal injury. With a thankful heart to God for my escape, I locked the door and went home. For several days I felt depressed and broken. The violence of the explosion had produced a deafness in both ears which lasted nearly three weeks.

For three years I had fought and struggled against obstacles of every nature, with apparatus totally inadequate for ensuring success in the study, with but little or no practical knowledge of the subject and no one to teach me. I concluded that the time had come to quit, and wait for a new inspiration and new circumstances. It made me almost sick to think of returning to the Laboratory. I engaged my brother Charles to pack up my apparatus and chemicals and gave him the room for a bed-room. J. H. N. had remarked from time to time that he wanted me to get free from the shop and my individual projects and go to school to him. I felt that the time had now come for me to respond to his call. I had been gradually getting free from responsibility in the shop and soon after this catastrophe I told him that I was ready for orders. As soon as the necessary arrangements could be made, T. R. N. and myself, with J. H. N. as teacher, began a course of study in the upper room of the "tower" which led to starting the educational scheme at W. C. and resulted in our taking a three years course of study, including prac-

tical chemistry, in the Medical Department of Yale College.

G. E. C.

[THE END.]

#### OUR LETTER BOX.

"—, *N. J.*, April 26, 1868.—I find that the CIRCULAR contains some cautions and warnings against the intemperate use of tobacco. There are several stores in this place, where groceries are kept, which are so scented with tobacco smoke that they are unfit for use. I have purchased groceries which so scented the house with cigar smoke that I have been obliged to open the doors and windows to air the rooms. I met a man the other day who gave me a strong invitation to join the Temperance Society in this place, while at the same time he had a cigar between his lips and was puffing the smoke in my face. I said, "Never, while one of its members indulges in the intemperate use of tobacco." How vain for such a man to talk of temperance while using tobacco in almost every form. O consistency, thou art a jewel."

H. C.

"—, *N. H.*, April 28, 1868.—I have not had my CIRCULAR for six weeks. I have missed it very much, and shall be delighted to peruse its pages again. I am still endeavoring to walk in the way I have recently found, and I take all the opportunities which present themselves to me, to become more acquainted with the truth. I have read "Salvation from Sin" over and over again and feel convinced of the truthfulness of the work. The "Hand-Book" of the Community I have also read. Although there are some dark points in it to me, yet I trust, aided by God's spirit and your prayers, I shall be able to see through the darkness and have my doubts removed. The CIRCULAR has cleared away one obstruction for me, and I hope it will do a good deal more toward enlightening me."

S. L. C.

#### TURTLE-TALK.

W.—Somebody ought to find out whether or no these common turtles are good eating. We have so many of them that they would make quite an addition to gastronomic resources.

S.—Oh! that question is already settled. Some folks around here eat them. You will find piles of turtle-shells near some of our neighbors' doors.

H.—But don't they shed their shells every year?

S.—Certainly not. Their house is their castle and they never leave it but once in their life, and that's when they die.

H.—But how large do they grow?

S.—That depends on the variety. We have several here in Connecticut. There is your regular mud-turtle which sometimes weighs eighteen pounds or more. Then we have a multitude of little speckled water-turtles which live in the small streams and still bays of the river, which are seldom more than six or seven inches long. Then there is the land-turtle which grows somewhat larger, besides our little box-turtles which have a sort of hinge in their lower shell so that they can shut in head, legs and tail when alarmed. These numerous small kinds are what you questioned about eating, are they not, William?

W.—Yes. I suppose no one has a tender conscience about eating a tender mud-turtle.

S.—But it would be a sad desecration to eat our aged box-turtles. Initials and dates are found on them which show that they have lived seventy-five or a hundred years. They are a sort of locomotive tomb-stone. Think of eating your grandfather's tomb-stone!

P.—But do they not grow very large in that time?

S.—No; they are seldom much more than six inches long. The way in which their shells grow is curious. They are checked off in patches which are square or nearly so; and the middle of each of those squares is a center of growth from which accretions are made in every direction. Some years ago we caught a fellow in the strawberry-field, and his whiskers—I would say the outside of his mouth—was all red with the berries he had eaten. Another time I found one with an angle-worm in his mouth.

E.—These snapping-turtles are wonderfully pugna-

cious creatures. Z. found a big fellow in the stream at Oneida some way down a steep bank. He wanted to catch him but did not know how. Finally he commenced punching him with his fish-pole until he got him pretty wrathful. The fellow then snapped at the end of the pole and hung on to it so tightly that Z. drew him clear up the bank and caught him by the tail, and carried him home in triumph.

S.—A most remarkable exemplification of the impolicy of getting angry.

E.—On another occasion I caught one in the race-way of the factory at Willow Place and put him into the wagon which was to convey a load of our people home from the shop to O. C. I was thinking nothing about him until suddenly I heard a rumpus in the part of the wagon where Mr. B. sat. Upon ascertaining the cause I found that the turtle had fastened himself on Mr. B.'s pantaloons-leg, and it was some time before we could induce him to let go.

H.—The tenacity with which they stick to life is quite equal to that with which they hold on when they bite.

S.—Yes; my mother told me that her folks, preparing for a soup, once cut off a turtle's head and left it on the ground. Presently an old hen came along and seeing something which looked attractive in the open mouth laid claim to it by presenting her bill. Quick as lightning the jaws closed upon her with a power equal to a No. 1 steel trap. Biddy expressed her unbounded astonishment by flying up as high as the house-top, carrying the relentless turtle's head with her.

H. J. S.

#### HOW I CAME TO BE HERE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY R. S. DE LATRE.

NO. XIX.

HAVING bought the farm already alluded to, which was a little more than a mile from the river, we had to prepare for its occupation by the first of October. It was my father's intention to leave me and my brother in charge of the property until his return the next year, hiring a man and his wife to help farm it and keep house for us meanwhile. We had to stock the farm to some extent, and furnish the house. We had just embarked upon the project of a dry-dock at the outlet of the Niagara river, which also kept us more or less employed, as we had to attend frequent meetings at a distance of fourteen miles. Indeed, with Niagara at our elbow, there was no sitting still. What with bathing and fishing and sight-seeing, our leisure hours were easily disposed of, and our blood was kept in vigorous circulation.

I have never known any thing like the sport of angling just below the Horseshoe Fall, for what is called the Oswego bass. Great masses of rock lie scattered along the margin of the stream, which here goes bounding along at a furious rate, flung from the raging vortex. Nevertheless, you take your stand upon one of these rocks where the water eddies, and where the fish are likely to be harboring. There must be nothing lackadaisical about your angling. Your customers partake of the character of your surroundings; so look out. The billows keep up a perpetual charge upon the rocks, breaking at your feet and sometimes washing clear over you, the roar of the cataract, meanwhile bravely sustaining the charge. But the sport is too good to leave. They take your bait with a will, these scamps, though they have no intention of tamely submitting to be caught. No sooner are they hooked, than they spring out of the water, and fling your shackles to the winds. These are the one-pounders, which are more nimble than their weightier brethren. Really, their audacity and the neat way in which they get clear of the hook are highly entertaining. The wonder is that they are ever caught. Once I had a fine time landing a three-pounder (he felt more like ten) which happened to be a genius. I could not pull him directly out for fear of breaking my rod, so I let him thrash around (which he did splendidly) until he was just a little convinced, when I swung him around the rocks and lodged him in the arms of an Irishman, who had hurried to the rescue. On another

occasion, a friend of mine, from Oneida, was amazingly tickled to see me plant my foot heroically upon a two-pounder, in order to unhook him. No small business, I can tell you. These bass, just below the Whirlpool, weigh as much as seven pounds. They are excellent eating. We are not confined to bass, however. Occasionally pickerel are caught; cat-fish are abundant and attain to a great size. Eels also are taken, and last, though not least, sturgeon (weighing sometimes a hundred pounds) are speared during the season in considerable quantities. At the Whirlpool, pickerel are numerous and fine; but it is no joke to lug a heavy catch of fish up those steep banks, two hundred feet high. It is romantic though, in the extreme, especially when you hear the snake rattle!

Now for a swim. The lake water affords a delicious bath, being soft and clear; and it is none the worse for the plunge it makes at the Horseshoe. Below the falls, are innumerable eddies, some of them of great extent. You dive off some rock, and drift along in a current which takes you in a circuit of perhaps a quarter of a mile, without any exertion on your part; unless you choose to thrash about. The water is too cold, however, for a bath much before July, nor does it continue comfortable after August.

Shall we give the ferry a passing notice? When you first see the little open boats used, it appears to be the height of folly to dare to venture across in them and with only one oarsman. They are well built, to be sure, but then they are out of all proportion. You would naturally expect to cross in some mammoth steamer, some Noah's ark! It is a remarkable fact, however, that there has never been a single casualty of any kind, although these boats have been plying for more than half a century. One trip across will establish your confidence. It is easy to keep clear of the rocks, for the water is deep, and the swell quite manageable. And when you have once gained your composure, you can look about you and enjoy the row, for a splendid one it is, I assure you. It is all over in ten minutes, so make the most of it. The Suspension Bridge is far more convenient no doubt, but then it is a common place in comparison; it is a fixture. The ferry-boat can never be entirely superseded. The "Maid of the Mist," a small steamer, was a sort of innovation upon the prestige of the ferry-boat, while it lasted; but she was doomed to be hurled through the rapids and Whirlpool, out of reach of her creditors, whence she escaped as if by a miracle. I had taken a trip by her thought, and could appreciate the novelty of the enterprise. Following the eddy she would pay wonderful court to mother Niagara, hugging her closely; but always at a certain point there would be a rebuff which would send her heaving and whirling round to her own place.

Now take a ride on the rail along the cliffs on the American side, between the Bridge and Youngstown. There you are perched aloft, eagle-like, some two hundred feet upward, looking down perpendicularly upon the galloping stream. You must settle with your nerves on the outset, for it is no ordinary affair. It is among the lions of the day. When you finally get to Queenston Heights and go back in thought to the time when the Falls first started on their career, your conception of Niagara is complete.

The first of October comes at last, and with it no inconsiderable change. We part with our kind parent who has committed us, in a manner, to the hospitality of newly-made friends, foremost among whom is the sheriff. My father returns to his family in France, and leaves me, for the first time in my life, in a responsible position. We have our hands full for several months to come. The fall wheat must be gotten in and various fixtures for the winter attended to, as the aspect of things is a little too Canadian. The land has a very liberal crop of stones, which have to be harvested. A new mansion is projected for the family, who are expected to come out next year. The building spot is to be planted with forest trees. The material for a building which is to cost six thousand dollars is to be hauled by ourselves. An ice-house must be built. Our fuel is to be brought from the wood-lot. The hired man (an Irishman

newly arrived and highly recommended as a farmer) took hold of work valiantly. It was pleasant to work with him, for he was a man of good sense, very modest, thoroughly good-humored, very faithful, and very respectful. Were we not lucky? In his wife we had to put up with some disagreeable things, but then she, too, was so willing to do any thing that we could not have quarreled with her had we tried. They had three little ones, pretty creatures, though most of the time dirty enough. The eldest girl, by the way, a little brunette of seven, was remarkably good-looking. This daughter of Erin, with her oval face, her dark-brown ringlets, soft, hazel eyes, finely cut features, and mysterious air, was a study for a painter; there was something so very lovely about her.

I contrived to pass a tolerably happy time there, although daily counting the hours that should restore to me the presence of one who had become indispensable. Our correspondence was very tardy, thanks to the old foggy Halifax packets, those lumbering brigs. Think of the first letter I received costing upwards of *three dollars and a half*! But the price did not much exceed one dollar after that.

I was glad enough of employment—particularly when it was active—and of that there was plenty. We used to have fine sport with the oxen, in the woods, sometimes. It was quite new to us all to handle such gentry. Duke and Diamond, no doubt, understood their own business, but we did not quite understand them, at times. Consequently, in the entanglements of the forest, there would be great shoutings and reverberations when we got stuck, the apparent doggedness of the beasts provoking by turns indignation and roars of laughter. Those wood scenes were rich.

We had a great deal of wheeling to do, first and last, and part of the time there was sleighing. That, too, was a totally new experience, and we were all like children, looking out as anxiously for snow as a pack of school-boys.

What with our own affairs, the novelty of an American winter, and the claims of society, we had a lively time. The new arrivals had been numerous, and we were in the habit of meeting together frequently at each other's houses. Our new circumstances and our new experience made us sociable all round. There were some fine families among us. Most of them were mere birds of passage, attracted by the Falls, who were maturing their plans for the future. This gave ease and elasticity to the social status, for we were encamped for the moment only, and felt drawn together as adventurers. Thus I account for the very pleasant recollections I have of that winter campaign.

#### STRAWBERRIES IN BEDS.

FOR a number of years we have discarded the method of raising strawberries in beds. Our reasons for so doing are briefly these:

1. Beds are apt to be over-crowded with plants, whereby the fruit is made small and flavorless. The process of placing the runners and thinning them out requires skill and is slow, puttering and laborious.

2. This method involves much hand weeding; whereas, by raising the plants in rows and hills, and taking off the runners, we greatly simplify and shorten the labor, besides insuring larger berries.

This latter method, as our readers are probably aware, is the one we have adopted of late years; and, on the whole, I am well satisfied with the practice, being convinced that as compared with our former painstaking ways it is the most economical. Nevertheless, I am not yet convinced that a well-managed bed-system will not produce the largest crop of berries. This impression is the result of an experiment which I made, with a view to comparing the two systems. I raised one carefully-kept bed among

the rows, and although I made no account of the berries picked, it was evident enough that this bed yielded more berries than the same amount of land in rows and hills. I could see little or no difference as to quality between the berries raised according to the different methods.

After several years of experience and observation I think I have blundered into the discovery of a system whereby the labor of raising strawberries in beds can be greatly shortened. The way I discovered this method is briefly this: In taking off runners from plants in rows, I observed that those runners which came out after the second, third, or fourth cutting were very much larger and thriftier than those which first came out. The plants which these runners produced were also much larger when they first struck root. Fearing lest I had not made provision for plants sufficient for the next year's setting, on one or two occasions I permitted several rows of these late, large runners to take root. They produced remarkably large and thrifty plants, notwithstanding the shortness of the time in which they had to grow, before winter set in. Neither were they too close together for bearing well.

Acting upon these hints, I set out last spring more than an acre of land (ostensibly for a plant-bed or nursery), and took off the first growth of runners, allowing the later ones to cover the ground with plants. This spring I dig what plants I require from between every other row; this leaves good alleys for the use of pickers, while the remainder of the field consists of beds. The plants do not crowd each other and are generally large and thrifty. It remains to be seen how well this land will yield; but my impression is that it will exceed the fields of rows and hills by a considerable amount. The advantages which this system may claim are,

1. The plants which produce the runners are benefitted by having their first runners clipped. Thus they have a portion of the advantage justly claimed by the hill system, which is that of throwing the life into the making of fruit-bearing crowns.

2. There is little or no extra weeding, inasmuch as the runners are not allowed to become plants until the latter part of the season, when the ground is made thoroughly clean by the horse-hoe and hand-hoe.

3. There is no puttering work of placing runners or thinning the plants.

4. The alleys serve as a nursery for an abundance of thrifty plants, which may be used for setting another field or for furnishing customers.

In adopting this plan it is all-important that the land be very rich. I have only tried it with the Wilson variety, and would not recommend it for many other kinds. I would further remark, that for various reasons this method may not be the best in all cases and places; but as an accompaniment for the hill system, and in that it furnishes an abundance of plants as well as fruit from the same ground, I can decidedly recommend it.

H. J. S.

—In God the two attributes of pity and sternness are perfectly combined. "God is love;" "God is light;" and for the reason that he is light, his love knows when to assume the form of maternal kindness, and when to assume the form of sacrificial execution. It is love in one case as much as in the other. It is the soft heart using the necessary steel.

#### CAST-IRON STOVES A CAUSE OF DISEASE.

WHEN the attention of the Academy of Sciences, of Paris, was drawn, some time since, by M. Carret, one of the physicians of the Hotel Dieu of Chambery, in several papers, to the possible evil consequences of the use of cast-iron stoves, but little interest was excited in the matter. Recently, Gen. Morin has again brought the subject forward with better success. M. Carret does not hesitate to assert most positively, that cast-iron stoves are sources of danger to those who habitually employ them. During an epidemic which recently prevailed in Savoy, but upon which M. Carret does not furnish us with any detailed information, he observed that all the inhabitants who were affected with it made use of cast-iron stoves, which had lately been imported into the country; whereas all those who employed other modes of firing or other sorts of stoves, were left untouched by the disease. An epidemic of typhoid fever, which broke out some time after at the Lyceum of Chambery, was regarded by the same author as being influenced by a large cast-iron stove in the children's dormitory. Gen. Morin speaks in the highest terms of M. Carret's memoirs, to which the recent experiments of MM. Trorst and Deville give additional importance. These able investigations have established that iron and cast-iron, when heated to a certain degree, become pervious to the passage of gas. They have been enabled to state the quantity of oxide of carbon which may, as they suppose, transude from a given surface of metal, and have shown that the air which surrounds a stove of cast-iron is saturated with hydrogen and oxide of carbon. They conclude that cast-iron stoves, when sufficiently heated, absorb oxygen, and give issue to carbonic acid. Gen. Morin related some comparative experiments which had been performed by M. Carret, and which, he said, corroborate this theory. Thus, after having remained during one full hour in a room heated to 40 deg. (centigrade) by means of a sheet-iron stove, M. Carret perspired abundantly, got a good appetite, but felt no sickness whatever; he had obtained the same result with an earthenware stove; but the experiment, when performed during only one half-hour with a cast-iron stove, had brought on intense headache and sickness. M. Deville, at the same sitting of the Academy, supported these views with considerable warmth. The danger which attended the use of cast-iron stoves, he said, was enormous and truly formidable. In his lecture-room at the Sorbonne, he had placed two electric bells, which were set in motion as soon as hydrogen or oxide of carbon was diffused in the room. Well, during his last lecture, the two cast-iron stoves had scarcely been lit when the bells began to ring.

These facts are certainly startling, if we consider the reputation of comparative harmlessness which these articles of domestic use had hitherto enjoyed. In France, particularly, the lodgings of the poorer classes, the barrack-rooms of the soldiery, the artists' studios, the class-rooms of large schools, etc., are commonly heated by this means. Of course, we are inclined to question M. Carret's conclusions; but the apparently accurate character of the facts recorded, joined to the authority of those who have brought them forward, demands for them a serious investigation. We are glad to be able to add that a committee has been appointed by the Academy, for the purpose of examining thoroughly into the subject. This committee is composed of MM. Claude Bernard, Morin, Freimj, Deville, and Bussy; and we shall not fail, when the time comes, to mention what shall have been the results of their researches.—*Lancet*.

—All our susceptibilities to evil, when they are modified by true brokenness of heart and a true understanding of our nature, become open mouths to Christ, and cry out for salvation; and then evil is repulsive to them.

## REACTION.

To one who said his life was bare and dry,  
I strove some present, potent aid to reach;  
Till hardly knowing what I said, or why,  
I spoke of God—I said that He was nigh;  
Then wondered at my speech.

But in my simple words, so poor and few,  
He found a rest that put away his fear;  
"He would not grieve," he said, "if that were true."  
Then all the day my peace the greater grew,  
For God seemed very near.

G. N. M.

**CORRECTION.**—We are told by Jesus in Matthew 24th, that his Second Coming was to be preceded by "a time of great tribulation," concerning which he uses this very emphatic language: "Except those days should be shortened no flesh should be saved; but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." Referring to this passage, the CIRCULAR (Apr. 20) said: "We understand him to mean by this that most of the church would fall before the storm, and that nothing but a special interposition could preserve even the elect; i. e., the few who were chosen and appointed to live through to the great change." On further reflection we doubt whether the word "elect" in the quotation was intended to be understood in the restricted sense which our remark attaches to it. It is used elsewhere in the Testament as descriptive of all who are called to be partakers of the truth. The argument which we relied on in citing the passage is not affected by the change of meaning in this word.

The observant reader has probably noticed a little confusion in our statement of the members of each Community in the last column of the CIRCULAR. The changes have been so frequent and sudden during what we call our "concentration" that we have hardly been able to keep accurate track of them in the CIRCULAR. This week we have reached a more permanent state.

## TOBACCO.

The Abbé Moigno writing from Paris to the *Chemical News*, July 3, 1867, says:

The Abbé Migne has just addressed a letter to a very honorable director of one of the great seminaries of Paris, condemning the use of tobacco and snuff. This letter furnishes us with an opportunity of relating a fact that is personal to us. Several times in our youth and riper age we have taken up and discarded the use of the snuff-box. In 1861, when writing our mathematical treatises, during our labors with M. Lindelof, for the calculation of variations, and when we commenced the editing of our lectures on analytic mechanics, we used snuff to excess, taking 20 to 25 grammes per day, incessantly having recourse to the fatal box and snuffing up the dangerous stimulant. The effect of this was, on the one hand, the stiffening of the nervous system, which we could not account for; on the other hand, a rapid loss of memory, not only of the present but of the past. We had learned several languages by their roots, and our memory was often at a loss for a word. Frightened at this considerable loss, we resolved in September, 1861, to renounce the use of snuff and cigars forever. This resolution was the commencement of a veritable restoration to health and spirits, and our memory recovered all its sensibility and force. The same thing happened to M. Dubrunfaut, the celebrated chemist, in renouncing the use of tobacco. We do not hesitate in saying that for one moderate snuff-taker or smoker there are 99 who use tobacco to excess.

Mr. Solon Robinson has been spending the winter in Florida. At the last meeting of the American Institute Farmer's Club, among other things he stated that "there are thousands of acres of land in that state that can be purchased for fifty cents per acre, which is capable of producing two thousand pounds of sugar per acre. Of the production of oranges, the speaker said that the usual method of setting out orange-orchards is to go into the woods and dig up the young trees of the wild variety of from one to two and a half inches in diameter, transporting them to the proposed site of the orchard often a distance of two hundred miles or more, and after removing the great

er portion of the same, planting or setting out the stumps; the sprouts from these stumps are budded and may be expected to commence bearing in about five years. The only obstacle to the growth of the orange to such an extent as to supply the entire market is the possible danger of frost, such, for instance, as occurred in 1835 and destroyed orange-trees that had been in bearing for more than a hundred years."

**YANKEE WIT.**—A Yankee having once told an Englishman that on one particular occasion he shot nine hundred and ninety-nine snipe, the Englishman asked why he did not make it a thousand at once. "No," said he, "not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one single snipe." Thereupon the Englishman rather "riled," and determined not to be outdone, began to tell a long story of a man having swam from Liverpool to Boston. "Did you see him?" asked the Yankee. "Why, of course I did. I was coming across, and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston harbor." "Well, I'm glad ye saw him, stranger, cos yer a witness that I did it. That was me."

—Salem Register.

## NEWS ITEMS.

A STEAM saw-mill in Bristol (Ind.) has a lady engineer.

VICTOR CONSIDERANT is a plain farmer at La Conception, near St Antonio, Texas.

HON. ANSON BURLINGAME has sailed from San Francisco for New York via Panama.

THE Jury in the case of George W. Cole, have failed to agree.

THE General Conference of the M. E. Church is being held at Chicago.

PRESIDENT HICKOK of Union College, Schenectady, has resigned.

THE reduction of the public debt during April, amounted to \$18,680,859.81.

THE entire domain hitherto belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, is to be ceded to the Crown.

It is expected that the trial of Jefferson Davis will commence about ten days after the Impeachment trial has been concluded. Chief Justice Chase will preside.

THE elections in the states of Georgia, Louisiana, Arkansas, North and South Carolina, have resulted in favor of the Republican party. In some states many white men voted the Republican ticket.

THE British Ministry has been defeated again on the Irish Church question. Disraeli, the Premier, tendered his resignation to the Queen in consequence, but it was not accepted. The Ministry requested time to consider what course to pursue.

THE Cornell University at Ithaca, N. Y., has received over four hundred applications for admission. The applications are from all parts of the Union. The first was from California.

THE managers of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, have determined to change the road from the broad to the narrow gauge in order to bring it into closer connection with the majority of Eastern roads. The proposed change will be completed by the first of December.

NEARLY another week of the Impeachment trial has been occupied with hearing speeches from counsel for both sides. The last speech of the series was finished Wednesday, the 7th inst. On Thursday the Senate decided to adjourn until Saturday. At 12 o'clock M., Tuesday, a vote without debate will be taken on the several articles of Impeachment. Senators who desire to do so, may file a written opinion on the case, within two days after the vote, which will be printed with the proceedings.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. H. W. Minn.—The person about whom you make inquiries, has not taken the CIRCULAR since a year ago last March. He did not renew his subscription for the last nor the present volume.

## Announcements:

## THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 302. 589 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, B. munism.

## WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain one mile from O. C. Number of members, 85. Business, Manufactures.

## WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 228 acres. Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers" in the sense of the term. They call their social system MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within families, subject to free criticism and the rule of M. nence.

## ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches in client acquaintance; but not on mere application or of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first evidence by deeds. The present accommodations of communities are crowded, and large accessions will be till new Communities are formed.

## STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catch Rats, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black a Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida whom they may be purchased. Descriptive list and sent on application.

## PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Strawberries, Black, Red, and Orange Raspberries; Huckleberries, Plums, Peaches, Pears, Quinces, Law berries, in quart bottles and quart cans, with sy toes, Sweet Corn, Peas, Lima Beans and String cans—are put up in quantities for sale by the Community. Also, Jellies of the Barberry, Currant, Quince, Crab-Apple, Peach, Raspberry, and Black Currant. N. B.—As we are unable to keep up with the demand, persons desiring a full assortment should order advance. First come first served. Descriptive printed on application.

## MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture, (W. Works); also, various brands and descriptions of in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, New York.

## MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE.

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CT.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,  
Wallingford, Conn.

## PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida can be furnished on application: the Community Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-House and Bag-Bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Grounds can be furnished for 40 cents each. carte de visite size, 25 cents each. Any of the above sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

## PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and 72 pp. octavo. Price, 85 cents for single copy, dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH, pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second new Narratives and Illustrations. 250 pp. 8vo. in cloth, \$1.50.

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[The above works are for sale at this office.]

Messrs. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the last nor the present volume.